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# CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ARTISTS: CHARLES SHANNON

General Editor: ALBERT RUTHERSTON



SELF-PORTRAIT. (1917). Oil. In the possession of the Artist.

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#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT

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Acknowledgment is gratefully offered also to those private owners of Mr. Shannon's pictures and drawings who have courteously allowed photographs to be made of them for the purposes of this volume.

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# CHARLES SHANNON, R.A.

HARLES SHANNON came into notice as a painter of marked individuality and rare distinction in the year 1897 with the exhibition of four pictures—the Souvenir of Van Dyck and The Man in a Black Shirt, shown respectively at the New English Art Club and the Royal Society of Portrait Painters; and The Wounded Amazon and the Portrait of Sturge Moore, which were sent to Munich, where they obtained a gold medal, Burne-Jones also receiving a gold medal at the same exhibition.

The aims and methods of Shannon's art at this period were in marked divergence from those in fashion at the moment, when the Newlyn School on the one hand, and the influence of the French Impressionists on the other, were leading directly away from the manner of design and the technical methods of the old masters. Academic art, as exemplified by such painters as Leighton and Poynter, was becoming sterile, and the work of Watts and Burne-Jones, though still in high popular favour, had for the most part ceased to influence the younger generation.

In Shannon's case there was the inevitable period of proba

tion, but none of hesitation; his instincts, tastes, and talents led him at once to the style of art and to the special range of subject which he has since developed, but from which he has never departed. His inspiration and stimulus have their origin in those moods of romantic and idyllic imagination which found their first complete expression in European painting in the art of Giorgione and Titian, but which were not unknown to Mr. Kipling's cave man.

For a period of about seven years, at the beginning of his career, Shannon's exhibited work was confined to lithographs, pastels, and water-colours, during which time he was also making those experiments in the use of oil paint, which resulted in the beautiful and sound technical achievement of the four pictures previously mentioned.

The methods of oil painting employed by the Italians, by Rubens, Van Dyck, and their followers, had for many years passed almost entirely out of use and had been forgotten; a few British painters, as for instance Watts and Burne-Jones, had studied the technique of Italy and rediscovered some of its secrets, but in doing so they studied a lost art and had to make their own discoveries. As is now well known, this method was based on the principle of transparency of pigment; the picture was begun either in a very light monochrome, using white, or in a pale transparent monochrome, or, if this

was dispensed with, in a very light key of colour, paler and flatter than it was to be when finished. The whole picture was carried through in this light key to a state of considerable completion, when it was put aside and allowed to dry. After this, the stronger local colours and tones were glazed transparently over the under-painting, and this again was worked over once or more times with superimposed layers of transparent or semi-transparent colour. The principle may be likened to the light shining through a stained-glass window, the lighter tones and colours underneath being allowed to make themselves felt through those above, giving a glow and luminosity to the colour of the whole. Those who have copied good pictures by the old masters done in this method, will realize the utter impossibility of obtaining their results by opaque direct painting; the results of the latter may be beautiful, but they are different in kind. There is an entrancing loveliness about the actual painting of such pictures as the Bacchus and Ariadne, Rubens' Rape of the Sabines, or a good Van Dyck portrait, which, when once understood and appreciated, appears to make other methods less valuable by comparison. For those who are built to fall in love with this kind of painting, no other method will suffice.

Shannon is one of these, and being in personal contact with no one who could show him the way, he had to find it out for

himself, with only such assistance as he could get from hearsay and from his own innate gift of the painter's sense. When we consider the immense difficulties to be encountered, the quickness and sureness with which he mastered the means is astonishing. Such artists as Legros and Whistler were captivated at once and were generous in their praise.

In art "the style is the man," and in Shannon's style lies the keynote of his temperament. His ideas could be carried out in no other manner than the one he has chosen; the delicate gradations, impastos, and granulation of his pigment are an essential part of his language; they carry with them and enhance the meaning of his pictures. The essential quality underlying his colour and tone, the quality that gives them their individual note, is produced by the subtle manipulation of the paint; the technique of his pictures is itself a living thing, every inch of the canvas is fully intended, and arrived at by a predetermined method. The attraction of swift, emphatic brushwork, that achieves its effect at once and must not be touched again, is not aimed at; his is the other kind of beauty which needs for its expression to linger with delight over the objects represented, extracting from them the utmost they are capable of yielding in charm of colour, delicate surface, and intimacy. This quality is felt in all painters to whose work the term exquisite can be applied, to Vermeer, for example,

in whose pictures every object, while taking its place perfectly in the whole, is made also an end in itself. It is this love of perfection, of a beautiful whole, beautiful in all its parts, which can be looked at from any range, at a distance delighting the eye by its design and colour, on close inspection by its jewelled surfaces, that stamps the character of Shannon's work.

A man's influences are his affinities, and it is difficult to say whether this or that quality in a painter's work is the result of influence, or is the expression of some innate quality in his own temperament, which has affinity with his prototype. There is such an affinity between Shannon and Watts, though on analysis of their work it is not easy to define the exact points where it lies. They are different in many ways; in Watts the essential spirit is aspiring, in Shannon contemplative; with Shannon the surfaces are flat and decorative, with Watts, in his later work, at any rate, they are broken and flickering; Watts' design tends to spread out, in Shannon's design the figures are generally arranged either in a solid pyramid form, or in a circular sweep round the edges of the picture with the focus inwards.

Yet there is a marked temperamental affinity in certain points; it shows itself chiefly in a similar response, felt by each, to a certain aspect of the beauty of women, expressed in a droop of the head, sidelong and forwards, carrying with it

in each case a similar emotion; it can be seen in many of the reproductions here given, and one has only to recall, on Watts' side, the pictures of Psyche, of Ariadne, or of Daphne, for the similarity to become clear.

Shannon's chief affinities are however with Titian, Watteau, and Van Dyck-Watteau's influence showing most clearly in the drawings; Van Dyck's chiefly on the technical side, but sometimes also in the design of the portraits. But Shannon's attitude towards nature and life and the mood of his imagination are more closely allied to those of Titian in such pictures as the Three Ages of Man, The Bacchanal in the Prado, and the Sacred and Profane Love, than of any other painter. It is such works as these which first pointed the direction into that world of idyllic romance which his imagination inhabits. Almost the first quality to strike one, I think, in Shannon's pictures is a sense of quietness or even silence; his pictures seem designed to be the accompaniment of music, but of music present to the memory rather than the ear, and with this silence, and related to it, is the sense of the sadness inherent in beauty. Shannon makes men and women who are always young and fair, while he himself, like those figures who stand apart in Watteau's pictures, looks back at the beings he has created with the secret thought:

<sup>&</sup>quot;How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!"

His temperament leads him to dream of the past, and to find especial delight in the beautiful things of the present as they show themselves to be related to past loveliness. There is a shift of the vivid reality of the present behind veils of silence, where the passions become remote and sounds penetrate like thin echoes. The efforts of the intellect that probes and investigates have no place in this world of quietism, where women dream by seashores or comb their hair before dim mirrors in a mood of brooding romance. But these moods are enlarged and widened to become part of the beauty and the sadness which are present in all things, they are taken out of the particular and turned into symbols of their kind, so that the design which they inspire is broad and massive. It is this crystallization of personal emotion into its appropriate design that is Shannon's chief contribution to art; his pictures could be stripped of their colour and all the embellishments of their craftsmanship (with infinite loss it is true) and still remain expressive monuments of a deep and noble emotion. It is his distinction that, while founding his work on the greatest examples of one of the chief schools of European painting, he has found the means of obtaining new emotional beauties, fresh and original arabesques of design. He has, so to speak, taken on all the difficulties, he has accepted an artistic convention of the full maturity of the greatest period of painting, in

rediscovering a large part of its technical secrets, and transforming them to his own needs he has stamped them with his own individuality.

He has that rare quality, a sense of beauty; it shows itself in every part of his work, in his design, in his colour, in his thoughts, and in the means he uses to express them.

It is a point perhaps worth remembering in the case of Charles Shannon, that no part of his world-wide reputation\* has at any time depended on the passing vogue or fashion. Fashion which counts so enormously at the time, counts for nothing in the long run, when all works of art come, so to speak, naked and alone to receive judgment. Any kind of prophecy in such matters is vain, but such work as has received recognition and admiration apart from fashion or in spite of it, would seem to have at least as good a chance of appreciation ultimately as that which received it with the assistance to sympathy and understanding which being in the fashion always brings.

Shannon's pictures, like everyone else's, need to be seen in their proper setting for their intrinsic beauty to be fully appreciated, and a modern exhibition, bad for all, is unusually bad for him; beautiful and distinguished as his pictures look,

<sup>\*</sup> His pictures are in the public galleries of Paris, Venice, Melbourne, Munich and other German towns, in the National Gallery of British Art, and in Manchester. 16

even in these conditions, his style and atmosphere are so different from those around him, that there is not time to get into it, and to appreciate his work on its own terms and at its proper value. Placed, as many of his pictures are, in great private collections, among the masterpieces of the past, their immense distinction, reserve, and beauty, enable them triumphantly to hold their own.

Shannon's work divides itself into two main groups of almost equal importance, portraiture and figure design, and in both the element of design is paramount. The art of portraitpainting itself can be divided into two main categories, one in which the vivid presentation of the subject dominates every other consideration, as in the work of Frans Hals, and as in the greater part of modern portraiture; the other, that in which, added to this, there is an equally strong impulse towards making a beautiful decorative whole, as in the work of Titian, Holbein, and Van Dyck, and in fact in very many of the old masters. There is, of course, no sharp dividing line between the two, the portraits of Rembrandt belonging neither to the one nor the other, but in sympathy certainly inclining towards the latter; his own special atmosphere and quality of aloofness from the actual world taking the place of decoration. best work of the former category good design, or good enough design, exists, but is subordinated to the other interest.

Shannon's portraits, it need not be said, belong to the second of these groups; the first thing to strike one is the beauty of the design and the decorative massing of the tones and colour, and, as a part of these, the impression of notable distinction. Where these qualities are conspicuous in all, any one may be selected as an example—that of Mrs. Patrick Campbell for instance, in the Tate Gallery (Plate No. 15), is an admirable portrait, it is equally a fine piece of decoration. It is an intricate arrangement of curves and straight lines, the curved lines of the eucalyptus twigs and of the sitter's back lead the eye up from the square forms at the base of the picture to the circular sweep of the mirror. The shape of the whole figure forms a pyramid, which is repeated on a smaller scale by the dark triangular mass of the shawl. In addition to the beauty of the whole, and of the sitter's face and expression, there is a sense of importance and massiveness about this picture, which, starting as an emotion felt by the artist, is given expression to by scientific means. The analysis can be extended—the curves at the back of the head and the line made by the jaw—an ugly word but I can think of no other—are sympathetic to the curve of the mirror, and are intended to be so. There are triangles everywhere, the top of the shoulders cut off by the shawl, the upper part of the music book, the lower part of the dress, and the corner of the piano. All these shapes are

pleasing to the eye by the part they play in forming a fine and living arabesque.

There has perhaps been too much talk lately of pictures as if they were a mere conglomeration of geometrical shapes; the use of such shapes as a basis for the construction of pictures is no new discovery, and has been practised by painters of note at all periods. Thus used they are merely a means to building up a solid and compact design and to making a fine pattern; to talk of them as having an intrinsic value in themselves is to miss the point; they have none at all, unless the pattern they help to make is beautiful and the conception they help to convey is inspired.

The laws which underlie the emotional significance of certain arrangements and juxtapositions of such shapes are outside the scope of this introduction, and are perhaps incalculable, but that the translation of natural shapes into such patterns can be made to convey emotion is certain. They do so, not by themselves, but in conjunction with what can only be described as the spirit or the soul of the subject.

Another aspect of Shannon's portraiture can be examined in *The Man in a Black Shirt*. How important a part the purely technical use of the paint plays in the effect of the whole can be seen even in the reproduction and is far more apparent in the original. The horizontal grain in the background carries

out the horizontal lines of the box and of the portfolio-stand, and acts as a foil to the perpendicular direction of the figure. Then, too, this grained surface is in itself beautiful, it gives vibration and life to a large plain area and saves it from any monotony, and it makes a valuable contrast to the flatter texture of the face and dark boxes, involving a very subtle use of the principle of plain and decorated surfaces acting as foils to each other. The impression conveyed by the original is solemn and impressive in the extreme, the reproduction shows little of its power; there is a restrained force apparent in every part, in the massive handling of the paint, and the sombre yet delicate colour-scheme of black and silver. That such understanding, so much power and dignity should have been arrived at so early as in this picture, painted only seven years after the artist began his studies, is most remarkable.

The prevailing note of colour in the greater number of the portraits is a sombre and muted richness; in some of the early ones especially, the quietness is carried to the point of severity. In the portrait of *Charles Ricketts* (No. 3), as in *The Man in a Black Shirt*, the impression is of black and silver alone, and there is something immensely impressive in this restraint, which carries with it the sense of a great reserve of power, and gives an air of the most dignified distinction.

At certain times, as in *The Man with the Greek Vase* (No. 20), a much richer scheme is used; here the brilliant blackness of the coat is relieved against the subdued but intense crimson of the sofa, and the ruddy gold of the screen; a warm golden veil has been passed over the reds and greys of the flesh colour in the face and hands; the intent and sphinx-like look in the face, with the rhythmic lines of the design and the deep splendour of the colour make this picture a masterpiece of another order.

A study of Shannon's portraits reveals a wonderful power of design; in the Souvenir of Van Dyck, for example, the two elements of line and of mass are used with equal mastery. There is a perfect sense of proportion in the placing and scale of the figure; the simple emphatic masses of dark and light and half-tone give breadth and power and completely satisfy the eye, while every line is alive; the folds of the costume, of the table-cloth and the lines on the floor forming a kind of dancing yet measured rhythm, in perfect keeping with the youth of the subject and the fantastic nature of her dress; it is an interpretation, not only of a young girl, but of a mood of youthfully serious festivity.

Inseparable from Shannon's sense of design is his sense of colour, which while clothing the composition with an added beauty, seems to have been present from the first inception as

the deciding factor in the whole. It is in the severest of his men's portraits that this essential colour-sense can be best seen, from the very fact that in them his range is most restricted, merely to a black and silver, or black and brown, and the colour of the flesh; yet these simple elements are played upon with such subtle art, the gradations are so delicate and the contrasts so forcible that the result is a delightful colour harmony.

The mood of his portraits is always one of remoteness; unlike Frans Hals, for instance, his sitters are never made to take their part vividly in the world of the present. But, in one particular, like those of Frans Hals and unlike those of Titian, with whom, in other respects, they have so much more in common, they tend to take the spectator into their consciousness. The eyes of Titian's portraits may look into those of the spectator, but they know nothing of his presence, and are set into no communication with him, while in many of Shannon's portraits they are brought into relationship—in that of Mrs. Patrick Campbell distinctly so, in the beautiful Lady with a Cyclamen, and the Souvenir of Van Dyck, among others. And yet, with this quality, they seem to be behind a veil, to be looking at the spectator, it is true, but from some world of their own, where everything is very quiet and still, or where, at least, there is a moment of profound pause and meditation.

It was the sense of form which underlay the methods and design of the great Florentines, the sense of colour and mass which underlay those of the Venetians. A study of Shannon's design reveals at once his affinity with the Venetian method, though, of course, as in all good design of either sort, qualities of the other are to be found. His sense of line is rhythmic and beautiful, it is merely subordinated to the painter's sense of colour and mass; even in his drawings and lithographs the line is suggestive of tone and colour, rather than of form purely and simply; they are more the drawings of a painter than of a sculptor or draughtsman; they show the influence of Watteau in the sensitive and expressive touch, and even in the slightest of them the sense of decoration and design is never absent; they make a pattern and suggest a pictorial treatment in paint.

Every true design comes into being, not as an effort of knowledge or of scientific invention, but as the expression of a compelling desire to create, and the value of the design will depend on the value of the emotion which inspires it. Forms, which would be empty and unmeaning without any underlying inspiration, suffer a sea-change when this has been present at their creation, and become capable of transmitting to others the emotion by which they were inspired. Shannon's designs are always most scholarly and scientific as regards all that is implied by an understanding of balance, of grouping, of the

flow of lines and the massing of shapes, but underlying this knowledge, which is used merely as a means to an end, is always the creative inspiration. His pictures invariably convey a mood of a perfectly definite nature, which being felt strongly by the artist from start to finish in his work, informs every part of the composition.

As has been said before, the mood is generally one of quietness and contemplation, in a few instances only, such as the *Pursuit* (No. 28), and *The Infant Bacchus* (No. 10), does it become one of excitement. A fine example of the former sort is *The Toilet* (No. 5), in which the massive quality of Shannon's design is well seen. The foundation of the structure is a double pyramid intersected at the bases and disguised by a third triangular form set across the picture in the stretched-out hand and arm of one of the figures; there is something majestic in this movement, which endows the offered jewels with a significance that is not merely imaginary. The particular instance is here widened into a type; in the atmosphere of heavy silence there is a quality which unites these two figures with the bejewelled and perfumed women of past ages:

"I am the queen of Cypriotes, my oarsmen labouring with brown throats Sang of me many a tender thing."

There is a regal massiveness in the principal figure, the linen in delicately crumpled folds falls away from the shoulders and

exposes a form like that of a Greek torso in its large simplicity.

In The Incoming Tide (No. 21) the pyramid is used in its simplest form, but with how much novelty and freshness has it been here invested; the line on one side is carried out by the drapery and continued by the knee and further leg of the reclining figure, and on the other is taken by the foam of the breaking wave down towards the head of this figure. The forms throughout are kept in broad, simple planes. The relief of the figures is not emphasized, it is an arabesque that is aimed at, rather than a sculptural detachment. Even the shadow sides of the figures tend to be lighter than their background, only in one or two places do they tell out as darks against a lighter ground. The point is of some importance; the practice naturally varies somewhat in each picture, but the general tendency to the one device or the other marks a fundamental divergence in aim—towards pattern on one side, sculpture on the other; the extreme limit being reached in the former type in a Japanese colour-print, and in one of Signorelli's Orvieto frescoes, for example, in the latter. The tendency to flatness is an important factor in the fashion of Shannon's design.

In *The Woodnymph* (No. 11) the composition is carried round the edge of the frame, a favourite, and quite original device of the artist, and one that he has used more than once

with the greatest success. This is a most sympathetic and charming picture, the attitude of the little faun, nestling against the side of the nymph, and the silently approaching and curious deer are lovely details in a whole that breathes a hushed atmosphere of woodland silences, and of wild things asleep.

Tibullus in the House of Delia (No. 9) has some affinity with Rossetti in its crowded design and atmosphere of passion. There is a feeling about it of love-making carried to the point of satiety, of full-blown roses, and of revelry that has lost its savour; in the air of disorder and waste in the house one can well imagine that this Delia, like her original, will prove unfaithful, and that Tibullus, after mourning a little, will find another mistress.

The Morning Toilet (No. 17). Here again the figures are arranged round the edges of the frame; this picture is a striking example of the painter's newness of invention, and also of the interest of his arabesque of light and dark masses. If the reproduction be turned upside down, this quality proves its independent existence, apart from the meaning of the objects represented, by the delight it gives to the eye. The design is clear-cut and emphatic, and the colour of a pure and delicate freshness, silvery rather than golden.

The Bath of Venus (No. 8). This picture sums up the essence of Shannon's quality in his earlier work; whether it

be one to which he himself attaches a special significance I do not know, but, in its sense of importance and massiveness, it seems to me to embody both his personal atmosphere and his power of design at their best, in his earlier and more youthfully romantic phase.

Another important picture is *The Education of Bacchus* (No. 22), which takes us to the ideal world of the golden age—rich, fertile, with grassy hills and shady trees, the fit home of a breed of golden lads and girls; it is a delectable world where one may well love to wander; there is a feeling of a fresh summer morning and of the cheerful chatter of young voices; the deer are moving up to higher pastures before the afternoon heat, and the children, for they are little more, will soon scatter on the pleasant errands of their pastoral life, to meet again in the evening and put the little god to bed. There is the true idyllic spirit in this picture, the young joy of the golden age, expressed in rhythmic lines and lovely colour.

Shannon's pictures for the most part do not illustrate any definite subject, his most typical themes are such things as *The Toilet*, *The Incoming Tide*, *The Sapphire Bay*, compositions based purely on patterns of colour and line, expressive of particular moods; but in those instances, as in the one last discussed, where he illustrates a literary subject, the mood and the pattern remain the dominant factors, and that, I think, is

the real distinction between the right and the wrong kind of pictorial illustration. In the latter case, the desire to illustrate is predominant, and the design is left to take care of itself, while expressiveness is sought in over-emphasis of facial expression, sensational tone and colour, or in pictorially irrelevant and merely descriptive detail. In the former, the mood dictated by the subject suggests for its expression a pattern of lines and masses in itself æsthetically beautiful, and where that has been achieved it is merely pedantic to quarrel with the source of inspiration. There exists in the minds of some people what is, in my opinion, a quite mistaken prejudice against any picture which expresses a literary subject, which would have been unintelligible to any of the great painters of the past. This prejudice ignores the distinction I have tried to make, and does not take into account the immense number of pictures, among the greatest in the world, which have this derivation.

Such pictures as Rembrandt's Slaughtered Ox are instanced as showing that a great picture can be made from any subject, and it is perfectly true; but Rembrandt himself made infinitely greater pictures out of The Supper at Emmaus and The Good Samaritan, than one of a slaughtered ox conceivably could be. Subject does count after all, if the painter is able to rise to it, if he can't he will do better pictures from still life; when Botticelli painted the Pallas and Centaur he chose, or was given, 28

a literary subject, and made from it a picture of surpassing beauty in a purely æsthetic sense; and what an irreparable loss would there be to the design without those lovely and startling shapes made by the shield and halbert, which are Athene's literary attributes, and which neither Botticelli nor any other painter could have introduced out of his mere inner consciousness.

Shannon being a true designer whose language is that of plastic art, when he chooses a literary subject expresses himself by means that are purely and strictly pictorial; whatever object he introduces is so introduced on its capacity to help the beauty and expressiveness of the design, not merely for its storytelling value, though the latter quality is perfectly compatible with the former and constantly acts as a stimulus for the suggestion of beautiful shapes. It is this stimulus, the initial stimulus of thought, rather than that of pure vision, acting on a nature temperamentally gifted to express itself by means of plastic art, and endowed with that deepest kind of love of nature which can select, arrange, and reduce her forms to terms of line and rhythm, in fresh, lovely, and inspiring shapes, which has produced a large and perhaps even the greater part of the masterpieces of art.

The work of Charles Shannon finds its place in this category; it is based on those romantic and idyllic kinds of thought and

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feeling which if they do not derive from literature in all cases, do so indirectly in many instances and directly in some. I should imagine that in his subject-pictures he is seldom stimulated by something actually seen, but rather that his thought takes visible form and that his emotion finds expression in appropriate design. It is on these two qualities, the strength and sincerity of his personal moods, and the power and rhythmic beauty of his design that his work must be judged. Throughout his life as a painter he has followed what he felt to be the most lovely and the best, and has expressed in a language of new and personal beauty the thoughts which, having their perpetual appeal to one of the most human and deeply-rooted sensations of delight, are ever fresh and new.

E. B. G.





PLATE 1. SOUVENIR OF VAN DYCK, (MISS KALE HARGOOD). (1807).

Oil. National Gallery, Melbourne.



PLATE 2. THE ARTIST. (THE MAN IN A BLACK SHIRT). (1807).
Oil. In the possession of Edmand Davis, Fig.



PLATE 3.—CHARLES RICKETTS. (THE MAN IN AN INVERNESS COAT). (1898).

Oil.—In the possession of Edimund Davis, Esq.



PLATE 4. THE LADY WITH A CYCLAMEN. (HON. MRS. CHALONER DOWDALL). (1899).

Oil. In the possession of the Hon. Mrs. Chaloner Dowdall.



PLATE 5. THE TOILET. (1900-1902). Oil. In the possession of William Pye, Esq.



PLATE 6. THE SAPPHIRE BAY. (1903). Oil. In the possession of John Quinn, Esq.



PLATE 7. THE LADY WITH A FEATHER. (1903). Oil. Fenice.



PLATE 10. THE INFANT BACCHUS. (1900-1906). Oil. In the possession of the Artist.



PLATE 11. THE WOODNYMPH. (1903-1906). Oil. In the possession of Edmund Davis, Esq.

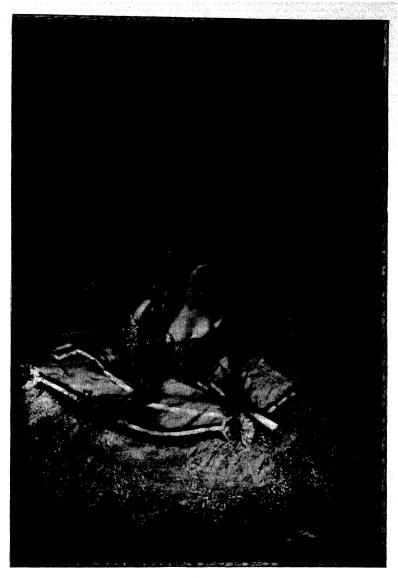


PLATE 12. MISS LILLAH MACARTHY IN THE CHARACTER OF DOÑA ANA. (1907). Oil. In the possession of John Quinn, Esq.

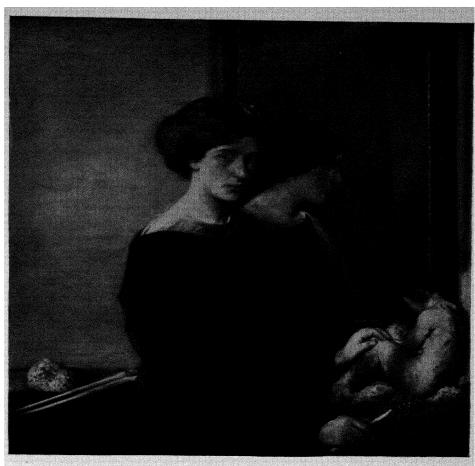


PLATE 13. THE SCULPTRESS (Mrs. Hilton Young). (1907). Oil, Musée du Luxembourg.

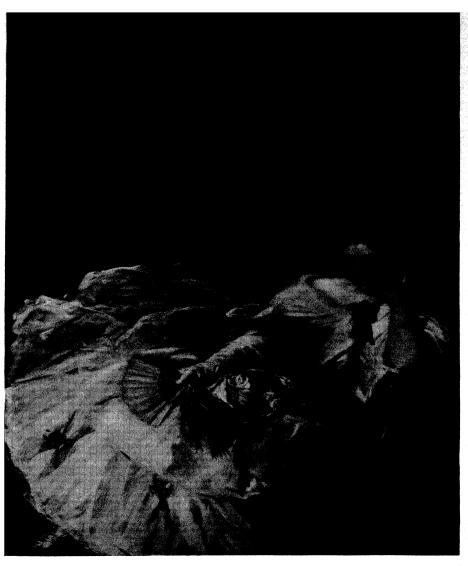


PLATE 14. SOUVENIR OF AN "INTERNATIONAL" BALL. (1907).

Oil. In the possession of Sir Kaye Muir.

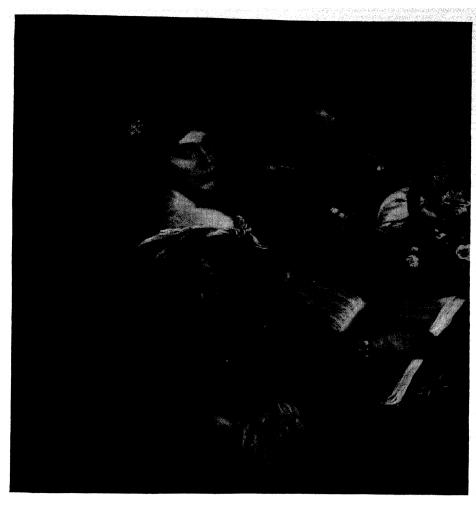


PLATE 15. MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL. (1908). Oil. National Gallery of British Art.

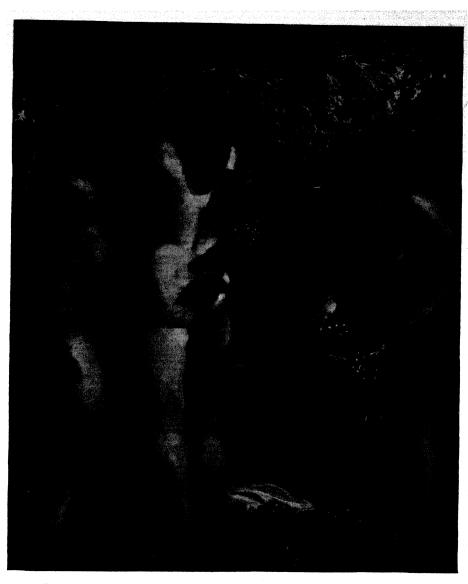


PLATE 16. THE VINTAGE. (1910). Oil. In the possession of Edmund Davis, Esq.



PLATE 17. THE MORNING TOILET. (1912). Oil. In the possession of Edmund Davis, Esq.

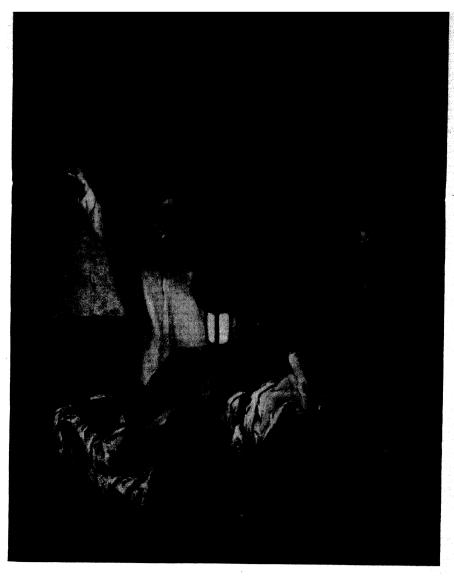


PLATE 18. THE WINTER NIGHT. (1914).
Oil. In the possession of the Hon. Kojiro Malsukata, Tokio.

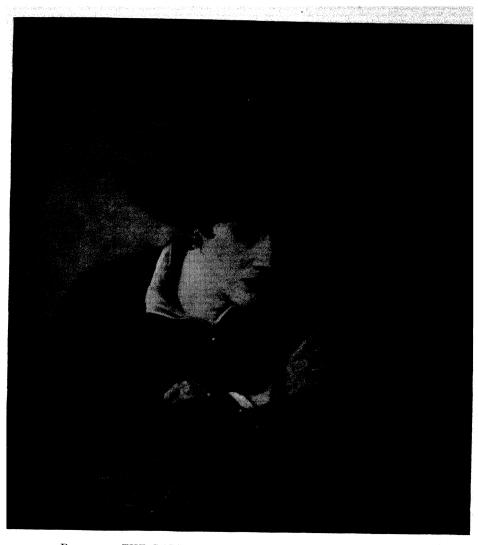


PLATE 19. THE LADY IN A THREE-CORNERED HAT. (1915).

Oil. In the possession of Ralston Mitchell, Esq.

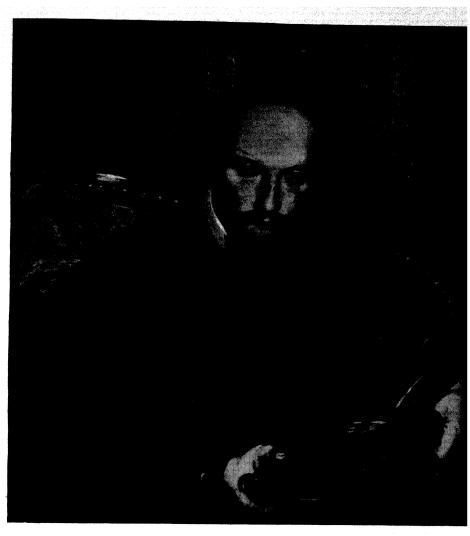


PLATE 20. THE MAN WITH THE GREEK VASE. (1916).

Oil. In the possession of Mrs. Edmund Davis.



PLATE 21. THE INCOMING TIDE. (1918). Oil. In the possession of the Hon. Kojiro Matsukata, Tokio.



PLATE 22. THE EDUCATION OF BACCHUS. (1919).

Oil. In the possession of Mrs. Edmund Davis.

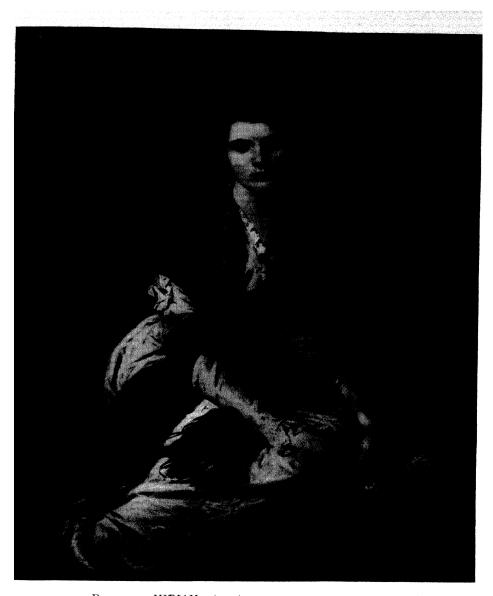


PLATE 23. MIRIAM. (1920). Oil. In the possession of the Artist.

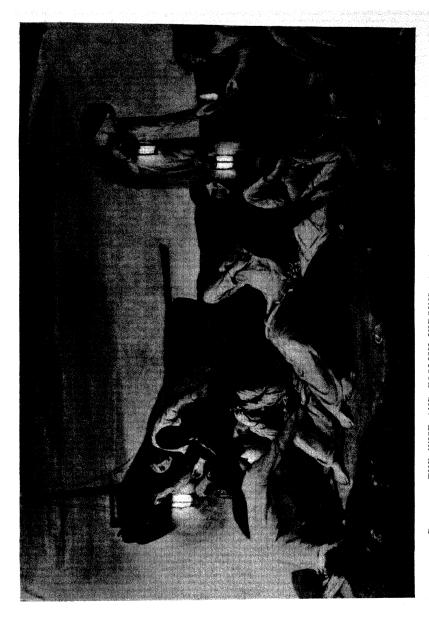


PLATE 24. THE WISE AND FOOLISH VIRGINS. (1920). Oil. In the possession of Joseph Bibby, Esq.



PLATE 25. THE CONVALESCENT. (1921). Oil. In the possession of the Artist.



PLATE 26. VANITY AND SANITY. (1921). Oil. The Diploma Gallery, Burlington House.



PLATE 27. THE GOLDEN AGE. (1921-1922). Oil. Formerly in the collection of the late Lord Northcliffe.

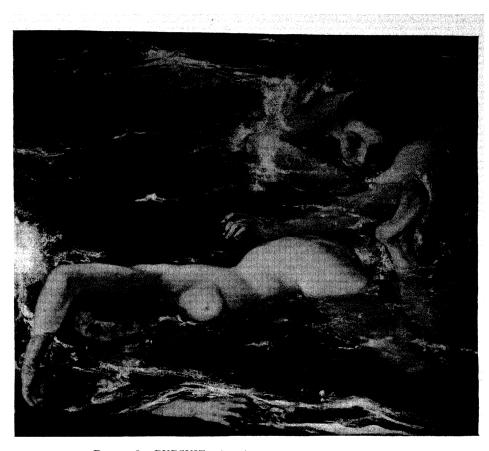


PLATE 28. PURSUIT. (1922). Oil. In the possession of the Artist.



PLATE 29. THE WOUNDED AMAZON. (1922). Oil. In the possession of the Artist.



PLATE 30. STUDY FOR "THE BATH OF VENUS." (1900).

Drawing in Black, White and Sanguine. In a private collection.

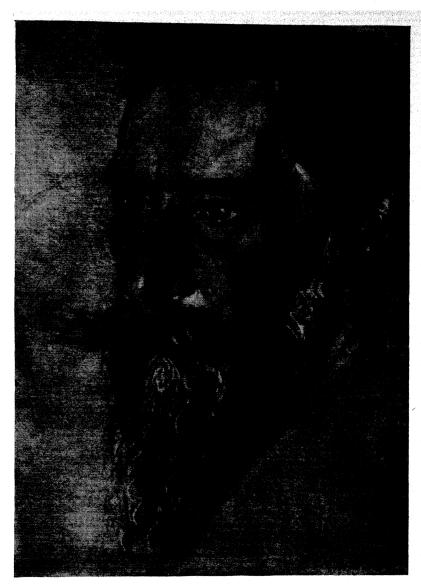


PLATE 31. THE LATE E. J. VAN WISSELINGH. (1900).
Study in Black, White and Sanguine. In the possession of Mrs. Van Wisselingh.

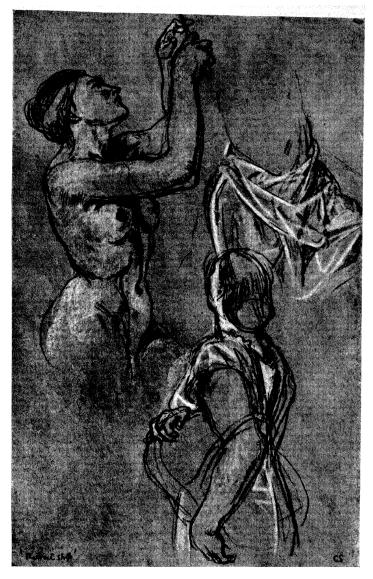


PLATE 32. STUDY FOR "THE FRUIT SHOP." (1913).

Drawing in Sanguine, Black and White. In the possession of the Artist.



PLATE 33. REAPER AND SOWER. (1915). Study in Sanguine. In the possession of the Artist.



PLATE 34. TWO DRAPED FIGURES. (1917). Study in Black and White Chalk. In the possession of the Artist.

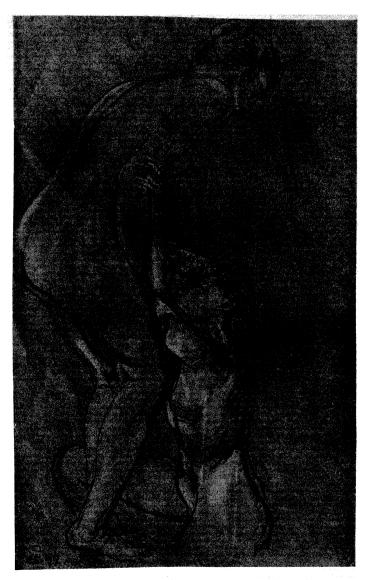


PLATE 35. BATHERS. (1917).

Study in Black and White Chalk. In the possession of the Artist.



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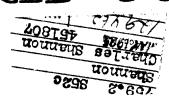
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